for powder, thei'le fill a pit as well as a better: tuſh man, mortall men, mortall men.

Weſt. I, but, ſir Iohn, me thinkes they are exceeding poore and bare: too beggerly.

Fal. Faith, for their pouertie *I* know not where they had that: and for their bareneſſe *I* am ſure they neuer learn't that of me.

Pri. No, ile be ſworne, vnleſſe you cal three fingers in the ribs bare: but ſirra, make haſte, Percy is already in the field. *Exit.*

Fal. What, is the king incamp't?

Weſt. He is, ſir Iohn, *I* feare we ſhall ſtay too long.

Fal. Well, to the latter end of a fray, and the beginning of a feaſt, fits a dull fighter, and a keene gheſt. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotſpur, Worceſter, Douglas, and Vernon.

Hot. Wee'le fight with him to night.

Wor. It may not be.

Doug. You giue him then aduantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why, ſay you ſo? looke's he not for ſupply?

Ver. So do we.

Hot. His is certaine, ours is doubtfull.

Wor. Good cooſen be aduis'd, ſtir not to night.

Ver. Do not, my Lord.

Doug. You doe not counſell well:
You ſpeake it out of feare, and cold heart.

Ver. Do me no ſlander, Douglas, by my life,
And *I* dare well maintaine it with my life,
If well reſpected honor bid me on,
I hold as little counſel with weake feare,
As you, my Lord, or any Scot that this day liues:
Let be ſeene to morrow in the battell, which of vs feares.

Doug. Yea, or to night. *Ver.* Content.

Hot. To night, ſay *I*.

Ver. Come, come, it may not be.
I wonder much, being men of ſuch great leading as you are,
That you foreſee not what impediments
Drag backe our expedition: certaine horſe
Of my cooſen Vernons are not yet come vp,

Your

Your Vncle Worceſters horſes came but to day,
And now their pride and metall is alleepe,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a horſe is halfe the halfe of himſelfe.

Hot. So are the horſes of the enemie,
In generall iourney bated and brought low:
The better part of ours are full of reſt.

Wor. The number of the king exceedeth our:
For Gods ſake, cooſen, ſtay till all come in.

The trumpet ſounds a parley. Enter ſir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the king,
If you vouchſafe me hearing, and reſpect.

Hot. Welcome, ſir Walter Blunt: and would to God
You were of our determination;
Some of vs loue you well, and euen thoſe ſome
Enuy your great deſeruings and good name,
Becauſe you are not of our qualitie,
But ſtand againſt vs like an enemie.

Blunt. And God defend, but ſtill I ſhould ſtand ſo,
So long as out of limit and true rule
You ſtand againſt anointed maieſtie.
But to my charge. The king hath ſent to know
The nature of your grieues, and whereupon
You coniure from the breaſt of ciuill peace,
Such bold hoſtilitie, teaching his dutious land
Audatious crueltie. If that the king
Haue any way your good deſerts forgot
Which he confeſſeth to be manifold,
He bids you name your grieues, and with all ſpeede,
You ſhall haue your deſires with intereſt
And pardon abſolute for your ſelfe, and theſe
Herein miſled by your ſuggeſtion.

Hot. The king is kind: and wel we know, the king
Knowes at what time to promiſe, when to pay:
My father, and my vncle, and my ſelfe,
Did giue him that ſame royaltie he weares,
And when he was not ſixe and twentie ſtrong,
Sicke in the worlds regard, wretched and low,